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Volume 52

OLDEST PAPER IN WESTERN KENTUCKY

# THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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## The GIRL of MY DREAMS

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY  
WILBUR D. NESBIT AND OTTO HAUERBACH  
NOVELIZED BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

### CHAPTER I.

Harry Swifton hummed a song to  
himself and threw a little more speed  
into his roadster.

He had every reason to be happy.  
Long regarded as a settled bachelor,  
though young enough to be the sort  
of chap all the girls were setting their  
caps for, he felt that this was to be  
the really great day of his life. Lucy  
Madders and her father were coming  
to visit him; his sister Carolyn was  
coming home from boarding school  
especially to play the hostess, the  
home had been made spick and span  
for the occasion, the sun was shining,  
the little birds were singing in the  
trees of the park, his roadster was  
running smoothly and—well, he hadn't  
a care in the world.

As he took corners in the driveways  
without slackening speed he mur-  
mured:

"Good little buzz wagon! You're  
the cupid that started all this."

In memory, he could see again that  
day of the summer before when in the  
same machine he was whizzing along



Harry Swifton.

a country road. Something happened,  
the machine skidded, with the usual  
result.

When Harry came to his senses he  
was lying on an old-fashioned Quaker  
dame—but he thought he was in  
heaven.

Above him bent a Quaker damsel,  
demurely beautiful and distractingly  
calm. She was bathing his brow with  
a cloth wrung out of cold water to  
which some camphor had been added.  
"Do these feel better?" she asked, in  
the softest of tones.

"It depends," he managed to say.  
"If you're going to stop this because  
I'm better, I'm going to have a re-  
lapse."

Then into the room came a stalwart  
old Quaker.

"Has the young man recovered,  
Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes, father," she said. Harry sat  
up with an effort.

"I don't know how to thank you,  
sir," he said. "It was lucky that I  
went into the ditch right in front of  
your house."

With the word "lucky" he looked  
meaningfully at Lucy, but that self-  
possessed maiden did not seem to catch  
his double meaning.

The result of the accident is not  
hard to guess. Harry found himself  
so bumped and bruised that it took a  
fortnight for him to be well enough to  
return to his home. And in that fort-

night he and Lucy became so well ac-  
quainted that it then became neces-  
sary for him to run up to see her—  
a mere matter of a hundred miles—  
once every week. And now he had  
induced her father to bring her to visit  
him and his sister.

He reviewed in his mind the events  
of the days since the accident. Pleas-  
ant thoughts, those, for a young man.  
They take his mind off the immediate  
surroundings, however.

Automatically he whirled around  
another corner—then began doing  
things with the brake, but too late.

Twenty yards before him approached  
another auto. In it sat a couple ob-  
livious to their danger. There was a  
smash and a crash, a shriek and a  
yell. And then the three people picked  
themselves up.

The man in the other auto leaped  
to his feet first and shook his fists  
at Harry. The lady gathered her hair  
into a coil again and exclaimed:

"My hat! My beautiful hat!"

Harry followed the direction of her  
glance, and saw the object of her dis-  
may. A handsome hat of yellow  
straw, adorned with large red flowers,  
was hopelessly entangled in the steer-  
ing gear of his machine.

He extricated it—or what he could  
of it—and offered it to her. But with a  
tearful exclamation of despair she  
refused it.

"Secunderell!" shouted her friend.

"Vy do you go running around kill-

ing peeples, and ruining their hats?"

"My dear count!" cried the lady.

"Not so loud!"

But the count was not to be calmed.  
In spite of Harry's efforts to explain  
matters, he continued his staccato ex-  
pressions of wrath and vengeance, un-  
til, giving up the idea of straightening  
matters out, Harry popped into his  
own machine skillfully ran past the  
other auto, and resumed his home-  
ward ride. In a moment the count  
and the lady were in their seat again,  
the count wheeled his machine about,  
and the pursuit began. By some deft  
turnings and twistings Harry man-  
aged to evade them and at last  
reached home.

He dashed into the house, eager to  
change his clothes and be ready to  
go to the station to meet Mr. Madders  
and Lucy. "Pigeon" Williams met  
him. Pigeon, as he was affectionately  
called, was a young man who tried  
his best to be a chum of Harry—for  
the reason that he was unusually at-  
tracted by Harry's sister Carolyn. It  
was natural that Pigeon should be at  
Swifton's that morning. He wanted  
to help Harry have things ready to  
entertain Lucy and her father, and  
besides he thought it would cheer  
Carolyn up to see one of her old  
friends on her own arrival.

"Is Carolyn here?" Harry asked, as  
he came in.

"Sure," replied Pigeon. "She got  
here half an hour ago—mad as the  
dickens because you didn't meet her  
at the train. Why didn't you? If I'd  
known you weren't going to, of course  
I could have gone."

"I meant to," Harry replied. "But  
I had a bit of a smash-up in the park."

"Smash-up? Again?"

"Nothing that amounted to much.  
Head-on bump into one of these run-  
about things—run about a day and  
then blow up. German dignity in it,  
with a dashing brunette. No won-  
der he couldn't see me coming. He  
had to look at her."

"Didn't hurt them?"

"No. Just knocked the breath out  
of all of us. And her hat fell off,  
and my machine chewed it up. Look."

Harry dug into his pocket and pro-  
duced the brim of the lady's hat, with

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a trailing string of red poppies. Pi-

geon laughed.

"Keep it for a souvenir?" he asked.

"Don't know. The German fellow  
got mad, and I came away in such a  
hurry I forgot what I was doing.  
Stuck the thing in my pocket absent-  
mindedly, I guess."

"He got mad! No wonder."

"I think he's real peeved. When I  
made my get-away he got his old cook  
stove into action and tried to follow  
me. But I escaped."

Harry went into his room and  
Pigeon sat down.

"How's Carolyn looking?" Harry  
called to him.

"Fine and dandy. Say, Harry,"  
Pigeon went on, maliciously, "the fel-  
lows have it in for you."

"In for me? Why?" asked Harry, in  
muffled tones, tugging at a collar but-  
ton.

"They say you're a quitter. You  
used to be strong for stag parties, and  
all that, and now you don't care for  
anything but the country—and a coun-  
try girl."

"That so?" Harry said, coming out.  
"Well, let 'em say what they please.  
I'm for the country—that's where you  
go for pure air, green fields, natural  
flowers, and natural girls. Pigeon, I'm  
through with all this bachelor stuff.  
No more of the stag suppers and po-  
ker parties for yours truly. I'm ready  
to quit and be good—if my plans  
work."

"I think you're dead right, Harry,"  
Pigeon replied, solemnly. "Judging  
from my own experience. There's  
nothing in this bachelor life."

"Your experience? Here, Methuse-  
lah! Take a cigar. Why, you're not  
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looks like something."

"You'd better get some one to ex-  
purgate this den of yours," Carolyn  
flashed at him as she left the room.  
"Lucy and her father may be shocked  
at some of the things here."

"I'd like to know what there is in  
here to shock anyone," Harry said to  
Pigeon.

"Oh, nothing much," Pigeon  
chuckled. "But maybe that picture of  
the ballet girl and that figure of the  
Venus de Milo, and some of the other  
highly decorative effects are not quite  
what Lucy has at home."

"Why, those are works of art."

"Here's General Blazes to see you,  
Harry," called Carolyn from the hall-  
way.

"Come right in, general," Harry  
said. General Blazes, pompous, irasci-  
ble and dignified, was Harry's attor-  
ney in several matters having to do  
with the estate left him by his fa-  
ther. He entered the room as gravely  
and as impressively as though he  
were approaching the bench of the  
United States Supreme court, and  
said:

"Good morning, boy. Here"—taking  
a packet from his inside pocket—"here  
are the deeds, all duly signed  
and sealed. I believe you will need  
no further advice from me."

"Thank you, general," Harry said,  
taking the documents. "That's mighty  
good of you. I appreciate your kind-  
ness in bringing them in yourself."

"No trouble at all, I assure you. I  
was passing on my way to my office."

"Won't you have a little nip of  
something to strengthen you for the  
walk?"

"No, thank you. I am rather in  
haste. I am slightly worried about  
Mrs. Blazes."

"Worried? Why, I trust she is not  
ill."

"Not at all. She left early today, to  
shop for a sick friend."

"Shopping for a sick friend,"  
chuckled Harry. "Are they having  
special sales of sick friends?"

The general ignored the jest, as, in-  
stead, he ignored all jests.

"After that," he continued, "she was  
going to attend a luncheon where the  
ladies were to meet this Count von  
Fitz, who is such a social lion now."

"I've heard of him."

"Well," the general remarked, "I am  
sillying here when I should be hasten-  
ing on. My wife should have been at  
home by this time. By the way, I  
don't believe you have met Mrs.  
Blazes."

"I met two of your wives at differ-  
ent times," Harry smiled; for the mat-  
rimonial experiments of the general  
were subjects of much comment.

"She's not one of the two," the gen-  
eral replied. "They left me by way  
of Reno long ago. I'm not a bam dit  
sorry."

Harry laughed again, for when the  
general became excited it was his  
habit to get his words twisted, some-  
times with ludicrous effect.

The general regarded Harry's  
amusement with calm disapproval.

"My boy," he said, dropping his  
hand on Harry's shoulder, "let me give  
you one bit of good advice—not legal.  
When you marry for the third time—"

"But I haven't married my first  
yet," Harry protested.

"You will, however. And when you  
marry for the third time, don't marry  
a young, beautiful woman."

"Don't?"

"No. Don't. Half the time she's  
have you making a fam dool of your-  
self."

Having delivered himself of this  
sage observation, the general stalked  
to the door, turned and bade Harry  
farewell, and started out, to bump  
against a wee-begone person, who was  
coming in at the same moment.

"I beg your pardon, humbly!"  
exclaimed the newcomer, in a thin,  
high, weepy voice.

"Br-r-r!" grumbled the general,  
brushing by him.

The newcomer gilded in. His long,  
slank hair hung down to his collar, his  
white, thin hands plucked with melan-  
choly grace at the ruycroft tie he was  
wearing, and his eyes, which were  
set deep in his head, gleamed weirdly.

"Alas!" he said, "it is you!"

"You're a good guesser, Primmer,"  
Harry said, grasping his hand. "I'm  
Harry."

"(Con. on last page this section.)"

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"My Hat! My Beautiful Hat!" She Cried.

"I'm not too big!" pouted Carolyn.  
"Not a bit—and you couldn't be too  
pretty," Pigeon earnestly declared.

"I'll have to keep my eye on you,  
Harry," Carolyn giggled. "Wait until  
Lucy comes. Do you call her 'thee'?"

"I haven't turned into a whole  
Quaker yet," Harry answered. "Now  
you run along and see that this house

bank hair hung down to his collar, his  
white, thin hands plucked with melan-  
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